

Living Together in Housekeeping

-So, how is sin working out?

-Splendidly. We were on our way to a record...

-When...?

-Something fell in the closet.

-Ah, the moment of mystery! What, mid accumulated junk, could it be?

-Never found out, but we cleaned out the blasted thing for three hours!

-Never knew that about her. Neat-freak of the highest order?

-Not a tenth of it. I mean there's no category high enough for her. Later she found speck of dust in a kitchen cup and...

-Let me guess. Six hours?

-Two solid days!

-So the back burners are immaculate, and sex has been placed upon them.

-Now she's started on me, who naively thought the *après la passion* shower to be sexy?

-She...?

-just about scrubbed my skin off!

-How about between hanky and panky and housekeeping and intensest personal hygiene? What do you lovebirds do?

-Why we rhett up!

-That's Pennsylvania Dutch! You're Catholics!

-She was a waitress in some tourist trap around Lancaster.
They had to learn all the cutesy-pootsey expressions.
Plus actually neatening up the dump in slack times.

-Man but you do smell of soap! I thought an Ivory Truck
had exploded nearby.

-Never mind all that! There's an impasse to deal with,
a puzzle, a conundrum, a...

-Call it what you will. When are you two announcing
The Banns?

-Like, I wanna talk to some priest and get scalded
for fornication?

-Yes, but don't forget extra credit for cleanliness.
Bible big on that! Anyway, carry missal in your pocket.
Impress the horny old fart.

-You're of no use!--pouring water on a drowning man.

-That's Holy Water. But let's just be a little modern and daring
this time--unlike our stodgy friends. The whole wedding party
dressed as pirates?

-Yeah? What'll she be?

-Why Black Bart of course!